





### Tight-Lacing in the Pulpit.

Rev. Mr. Hawes, in addressing a crowded congregation at St. James', Marylebone, spoke very strongly on the "Criminal Ignorance and Thoughtlessness of Tight-Lacing." The chief points in his discourse are thus paraphrased in "Truth."

What is it makes a lady's head  
Feel heavy as a lump of lead?  
What makes her nose's tip so red?  
Tight-lacing!

What makes her cheek burn like coal,  
Her feet as cold as Arctic pole?  
What cramps her body and her soul?  
Tight-lacing!

What makes her temper short and sharp?  
What causes her to fret and carp,  
And on the smallest ills to harp?  
Tight-lacing!

What checks her proper circulation,  
And dulls her ordinate sensation?  
What blighted babes breeds for the nation?  
Tight-lacing!

What makes her waist a wasp-like thing,  
And gives her tongue a waspish sting?  
What balks her when high notes she'd sing?  
Tight-lacing!

What is it with its vice-like squeeze,  
Destroys its faded victim's ease,  
And brings her doctors countless fees?  
Tight-lacing!

What is it makes her gasp for breath,  
And—so stern modern science saith—  
Dooms her too oft to early death?  
Tight-lacing!

What brings a "corn upon her heart,"  
And makes her—spoiled by cruel art—  
Unfit to play the mother's part?  
Tight-lacing!

What tortures her into a shape  
Which "ruins her liver" past escape,  
And which, at most, makes *gouty* gape?  
Tight-lacing!

What beauty's lines in her destroys,  
And fashion's powerful aid employs,  
To crush from out her life its joys?  
Tight-lacing!

What ages her before her time,  
And makes her feeble ere her prime?  
What tempts to a self-suffer'd crime?  
Tight-lacing!

What, quite ignoring Nature's facts,  
Her waist so cruelly contracts,  
That each inch saved fresh pain extracts?  
Tight-lacing!

And what bad fashion of the day  
Is it that ladies now should say  
They'll squander without an hour's delay?  
Tight-lacing!

### Edward the Black Prince.

The sun rose brightly over the little village of Crecy on the morning of Saturday, the 26th August, 1346. The golden corn was standing in the fields, the cattle were quietly grazing in the meadows, the birds were twittering in the woods; and in the still morning air rose the gentle murmur of a joyous stream. Everything spoke of peace that bright summer morning; little could one have dreamed that before that sun should have set in the West, the din and thunder of battle would wake the echoes of those quiet woods, or that those sunny fields would be torn and desolated by the angry tread of thousands of feet, or strewn with heaps of dead and dying! Yet so it was to be. A large army was even then halting in the cover of the forest over against the village, and far away, if any one had listened, might have been heard, mingling with the voice of the morning, the sound of a great host of horsemen and soldiers advancing in hot pursuit, and now and then a trumpet blast which echoed faintly among the hills.

The English soldiers as they rose from their beds of turf and grass, heard those far-off sounds, and knew—who better?—they must fight like men to-day or perish.

So they sprang to their feet and seized their arms and armour, ready at any instant to obey the summons to action.

Suddenly, along the ranks came the cry, "The King and the Prince!" and directly afterwards appeared the great King Edward III. of England riding slowly down the line of his army, and at his side a stately boy of sixteen years, dressed in black armour and mounted on a black horse. Never was a king more honored or king's son more loved than were those two as they passed with cheery word and dauntless bearing among their loyal and devoted soldiers.

The king stopped when he had reached a spot from which a good portion of his host could hear him, and raised his hand.

Every man stood silent as he spoke. "My loyal subjects, we must meet to-day a host greater than us in number, but not greater in valor. Fight, I charge you, for the honor of your country. My son here leads the first division of my army. This is his first battle, and sure I am he will acquit himself like a man. Do you the same, and God will give us the victory."

With such encouraging and confident words the king addressed his men, who cheered him and the brave prince long and loud.

Then every man took his helmet and his bow and waited for the enemy.

The morning passed, but still no foe appeared. But the distant murmur was now grown to a loud and ever-increasing din; and as they sat, the English could hear shouts and the neighing of horses and the tumult of many voices, which betokened the near approach of the host of King Philip of France.

It was not till about three in the afternoon that the French army came in sight of Crecy. They had had a rapid and fatiguing march since day-break, and were now in no condition, even with their vastly superior numbers, to grapple with the refreshed and inspired Englishmen. So thought and said many of Philip's officers, and did their best to persuade him to put off the encounter till next day.

But however much Philip might have been inclined to adopt this good advice, his army was in such a state of confusion and disorder, owing to their rapid march, that they were quite unmanag-

able. When the officers bade those in front halt, those behind, shouting and impatient, still pressed on, so much so that the king and all his nobles were carried along with them into the very face of the English, who stood awaiting the attack.

When Philip saw the collision could not be put off, that the battle was inevitable, he shouted loudly.

"Bring forward the Genoese bowmen!"

Now these bowmen, 15,000 in number, on whom Philip depended to scatter and drive from the field the main portion of his enemy's force, were in no sort of condition for beginning a battle, after their long fatiguing march, and with the strings of their crossbows all loose with damp, and with a dazzling sun now glaring full in their eyes. But Philip, too confident to heed any such trifles, impatiently, nay, angrily, ordered them to the front, and bade them shoot a volley against the English archers, who stood opposite.

So these foreigners stepped forward, and as their manner was, gave three leaps in the air, with the idea of terrifying their foes, and then raised their bows to their cheeks, and let fly their arrows wildly in the direction of the English.

The trusty English archers, with the sun behind them, were not the men to be intimidated by leaping into the air, nor panic-struck by a discharge so ill-aimed that scarce one arrow in ten even grazed their armor.

Their reply to the Genoese was a sudden step forward, and a sharp determined twang of their bow-strings. Then the air was white with the cloud of their arrows, and next moment the foremost ranks of the Genoese were seen to drop like one man.

This was enough for those already dispirited hirelings. They fell back in panic disorder; they cut their bow-strings; they rushed among the very feet of the horsemen that Philip, in his rage, had ordered "to ride forward and cut down the cowardly villains!" Then the confusion of the French army was complete.

The English followed up their first advantage steadily and quickly. Knight after knight of the French dropped from his horse, troop after troop fell back, standard after standard tottered.

Nowhere was the fight fiercer than where the young Black Prince led the van of the English; and from a windmill on a near hill, the eager eyes of King Edward watched with pride that figure clad in black armor even in the thick of the fight, and never halting an instant where danger or duty called.

It would be too long to tell of all the fighting that day. Philip, with his great army, could not dislodge his compact foe from their position, nor could he shelter his men from the deadly flight of their arrows. Bravely he rushed himself into the fray to rally his men, but to no avail. Everywhere they fell back before their invincible enemy.

Once, indeed, it seemed as if his brave knights would surround and drive back the division of which the boy prince was leader. An English noble sent post haste a message to Edward to say, "Send help; the prince is in danger."

But Edward knew more of battles than most of his officers. He replied, coolly:

"Is the prince slain?"  
"No."  
"Is he wounded?"  
"No."  
"Is he struck down?"  
"No."

"Then go, tell him the battle he has won so far shall be his, and his only. To-day he must win his own spurs."

The words flew like wildfire among the English ranks, and our brave men fought with renewed valor.

That evening, as the sun was getting low in the west, Philip and his host turned their backs on Crecy and fled—all that were left of them, and anywhere where to be out of the reach of the army of that invincible boy. Horsemen and footmen, bag and baggage, they fled, with the English close at their heels, and never drew rein till night and darkness put an end to the pursuit.

Meanwhile, there was rejoicing and thanksgiving on the field of Crecy. The English king hastened from his post of observation, and, in the presence of the whole army, embraced his brave son, and gave him the honors of that glorious victory, wherein two kings, eleven princes, 1,200 knights, and 30,000 men had fallen. A sad price for glory!

"Sweet son," said he, "God give you good perseverance. You are my true and valiant son, and have this day shown yourself worthy of a crown."

And the brave boy bowed low before his father, and modestly disclaimed the whole glory of the victory.

Long and long did the loyal knights and soldiers cheer their brave king and their heroic prince; and when they saw the latter bind on his helmet the plume of three ostrich feathers, worn by the most illustrious of his slain foemen, John, King of Bohemia, with the noble motto, "Ich dien" ("I serve") beneath, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

And the motto has descended from prince to prince, and remains to this day as a glorious memorial of this famous boy, who earned it by doing his duty in the face of danger, and setting an example to all about him that "he who serves rules."—*Boy's Own Paper.*

A PLANT WITHOUT STALK OR LEAF.—There is a very big flower with a queer name, *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, but the oddest thing about it is that it has neither stalk nor leaf.

I don't mean a dead flower with the stalk and leaves plucked away, but a living and growing flower. The one I heard of measured three feet across, weighed ten pounds, and could hold about two gallons of water. It was found in the East Indian island of Sumatra, but I'm told that others of the same family have been seen in South America.

These curious flowers grow upon the roots of other plants, seeming to sit on the roots, and spread up like heads of cabbages.—*St. Nicholas.*

### The Cobbler and His Wife.

The sincerity of grieving love where death parts friends was never more touchingly evident than in this simple record of the sorrows of the lowly, as the New Orleans *Picayune* tells it:

"J. Ackaman—Shoemaker." So reads the sign that swings over the door of a poor shanty across the way, and I have looked at the picture of the old shoemaker and his wife, that the sunset was sure to frame in the low doorway so often, that missing it brings a pang; for, though the sign still swings over the door, the doorway is vacant—the picture is rubbed out.

I missed the old wife first. Ah, the sick poor! Shall I ever forget the small bare room, the close, hot air, or the hard hot bed on which the old wife lay? So ashamed of her scanty clothing, so patient in her pain, and so grateful, too!

Think the kisses she left on our hands after we had bathed her and laid her between the cold white sheets we had brought, will keep them fair so long as we live.

"My old woman has worked very hard all her life, and I am afraid she can't get over this fever," the old husband said to us.

But she did not die. God had something harder for her to do. On the third day of her convalescence, we heard that the old shoemaker had fallen a victim to the fever and had been taken to the hospital.

He never came back. And this is what God had for the old wife to do that was harder than dying—to live and hear, "He died last night. He will be buried in the potters' field to-day, and you cannot see him, because you are too weak to walk."

Oh, if it is hard for us to give up our dead, with all the comfort of the last word, the last look, and the last clinging kiss, and the knowledge that the dead form is clothed in fair garments, and will be laid away by reverent hands in consecrated ground, what must have been the agony of the lonely old soul, as she sat with bowed head?

"He will be buried in the poor field to-day, and I cannot see him. Do you think they will be rough with him?" I heard her say to a pitying neighbor.

Will they put him away decently? Oh, if my old knees were strong enough for me to crawl to his side, so that I could put my hand in his once more, I think I could be more reconciled to give him up. We have been married fifty-one years. He always slept with my hand in his, but last night he went to sleep with his poor old hands empty, empty! My poor lonesome old husband!

Yesterday the old wife moved away. To-day the landlord has been fixing up the old house for a new tenant. There will be other pictures framed in the low doorway soon. I shall look at them from my window, and like them, perhaps, but never so well as I liked the picture of the old shoemaker and his wife that has been rubbed out by the passing hand of death.

### Travels of a Postal Card.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" was the taking title of a very interesting book written by Jules Verne some years ago. The author managed to get his hero around the world in that time with a day to spare, but when it is remembered that he also sent another hero to the moon and again another to the center of the earth and still another 20,000 leagues under the sea, the eighty days circumnavigation business will be looked on as merely the slightest of his achievements. However in practice this rapid transit has never been successfully accomplished. A Boston man sent a postal card around the world and it came back to him on Wednesday, having made the circuit in 106 days. This is what he wrote on the card:

BOSTON, FEB. 25, 1879.—7:30 p. m.  
It is desired to find the shortest possible time around the world. Will the postmaster of each place designated here please forward this with the utmost dispatch, together with a request to the postmaster of the next following place to re-mail it, and so continue until it reaches San Francisco, when the postmaster is requested to mail it to FRANK H. WYMAN.

No. 7 Otis street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

It came back covered with postmarks. Here is its record: Boston, Feb. 25—9 p. m.; Liverpool, March 9; London, March 10; Paris, March 11; Marseilles, March 12; Suez, March 20; Aden, March 26; Bombay, April 10; Calcutta, April 19; Hong Kong, May 7; Yokohama, May 13 and 16; San Francisco, June—; Boston, June 11.

DISTRESS IN EGYPT.—Mr. Baird, the Famine Commissioner, who went to relieve the distress in Upper Egypt, reports that even in ordinary circumstances the Egyptian peasant leads a life which has little that is attractive to European eyes. His food consists of coarse maize bread, with beans, lentils and onions and various weeds. He wears scanty clothing of cotton or rough homespun woolen cloth, and sleeps in a mud hut or in the open air.

The worst feature in his life is his chronic state of indebtedness, either to the government for arrears of taxation or to the merchant who supplies him on credit with seed corn and corn for his household, to be repaid with exorbitant interest when his crops are ripe. The merchants, for the most part, are Europeans and are always ready to make advances to the needy peasant, provided the interest is high enough; the fellah, called upon to pay his taxes at a moment when his crops are just unripe, is compelled to borrow and is not in a position to wrangle about the interest.

"Vell," said a new-comer in a western town, "vat shance I would have in starting up mit saddle-dree peennis?" That business is overdone and competition has almost ruined the trade," was the answer. "Vell, cood I make some dings mit 'new bakery'?" "Think not," said the native, "the town's full of bakeries now." The man looked puzzled and half mad, and suddenly came to the conclusion, "Vell, den, by shining, I vill run for office!"

### Boys Who Are Naturalists.

While esteeming instruction in biology, the London *Spectator* is of the opinion that it cannot turn a boy into a field-naturalist. The real out-door observer is born to observation, and no scientific training can supply the skill which comes instinctively to many a school-boy with tastes for bird-nesting and snake-hunting. The *Spectator* says: The boy who will pass a half-holiday tramped motionless in the lush herbage of a river-bank, that he may stealthily watch the doings of a family of water-rats, or the boy who will rise before daybreak, that he may trace the grasshopper-lark to her curiously-concealed treasure, is already a field-naturalist.

Such boys abound in our public schools. As a rule, it is notorious that they hate Greek verbs, and are scarcely fond of geometrical problems.

They are set down as dunces, and if the assistant master, whose duty it is to administer a hebdomadal three hours of what is called "science," takes them in hand, he probably has not the slightest sympathy with their pursuits, and at the end of a couple of lessons succeeds in completely disgusting them by what he tells them of chemical formulae or the reflex action of nerves.

Botanists get on better with their pupils—that is, systematic botanists do, for we are not sure of the success of physiological botanists in this particular.

They tell them how such or such a plant may be distinguished, and where it should be looked for. They rejoice with their learners when the prize is found, and gladly listen to the whole story of its finding.

So, too, with geologists, or rather paleontologists. They congratulate the tyro on the nautilus or the encriote he brings home, or the saurian vertebra he has unearthed, and explain to him its bearing on the geological "horizon" to which it belongs.

With zoology it is otherwise. The art of teaching that science in schools "acceptably" (to use an old-fashioned word) is yet to be learned by the teacher. Hence our youthful zoologists are not led to follow their natural tastes to any advantage.

Destruction of animal life seems to be the only course left open to them, and it soon becomes all powerful. If opportunities are allowed them, they grow up into lion hunters.

If these opportunities are denied, most of them lose their love of the study altogether; but a few limit their energies to pinning the butterflies or the beetles of their country, or perhaps set about forming a "collection" of British birds with the help of the village barber, who combines with his own useful calling that very useless (in nine cases out of ten) avocation called a taxidermist.

### Not Quite Halfway.

It is astonishing how far an item will travel without having its veracity questioned, when its statements are really very far from the truth. It is published and republished in the newspapers without an effort being made to establish its correctness. An instance of this kind is found in an item floating around at present. Even such a careful journal as the *New York Times* copies it with the heading "How Far the Eagle Screams." The original item is from the Philadelphia *Record* and the Rocky Mountain *Presbyterian*, and is as follows:

"Few people are aware that the sun never sets on the British Empire is equally applicable to the United States. Instead of being the western limit of the Union, San Francisco is only about midway between the furthest Aleutian Islands, acquired by our purchase of Alaska, and Eastport, Maine. Our territory extends through 197 degrees of longitude, or seventeen degrees more than half way round the globe. The Rocky Mountain *Presbyterian*, in commenting on this fact, says: 'When the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle, on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood-chopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the stirring music of his ax.'"

This would be very nice if it were true, but unfortunately it is not. The young man of the *Record* or *Presbyterian* got mixed up between Greenwich and Washington longitude. In reality the United States territory extends only about 123 degrees, and this falls far short of the 180 necessary to go half way around the world. The most western of Washington, while Eastport is 10 degrees east of Washington. It is true that San Francisco, nearly 46 degrees west of Washington, is about midway between the eastern and western limits of United States territory, but that is all the truth there is in the item.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HEALTH OF HORSES.—The health and comfort of horses have of late years been greatly improved by the better construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty, and provided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are done away with, or the floor of the loft is kept well above the horses' heads, and ample shafts are introduced to convey away foul air. By perforated bricks and grating under the mangers, but elsewhere round the walls, and only by windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for the horses; while being introduced in moderate amount, and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much draught is almost an unknown stable luxury. To secure a constant supply of pure air, horses require more cubic space than they generally enjoy. Even when animals are stabled only at night, a minimum of 1,200 cubic feet should be allowed. In England the newer cavalry barracks give a minimum of 1,500 cubic feet, with a ground area of fully 90 square feet per horse; and the best hunting and carriage horse stables have more room.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

### The Future of the Indians.

Ranche-men are many of them now willing to receive Indian boys as herd-ers of cattle, under reasonable terms of apprenticeship. This mode of life would best suit the Indians, because it is not one of manual labor, and is nearest akin, of all civilized forms of industry, to the nomadic habits which are hereditary in them. The suggestion has also been made, by a former manager of the American Fur Company, that the Indian youth may be enrolled in our military forces on the plains, and into the navy of the lakes; and the plan is, have acted as auxiliary troops in late years, have proven most useful and trust-worthy. They are proud of their uniform and of their equipment, and have transferred their allegiance, and learned habits of respect and obedience for the officers of the government, almost without knowing it.

Nearly all who have given much personal study to the Indian tribes are agreed that little can be done with the full-grown men but to feed them, and for this, first of all, there must be the creation of such an intelligent public sentiment on the subject as shall command the attention and the action of Congress.

The question whether the control of Indian affairs shall remain in the Interior Department or be transferred to the Army, is of little practical moment so long as our legislation is such that military and civil officers are foredoomed to disappointment in any earnest effort to solve the problem. When the exigencies of a political party may cut down the appropriations to a point where it is known that starvation at many Indian agencies must ensue; when carelessness and indifference position tribes that would be friendly are driven to outbreak by the hunger of their women and children—as Bishop Whipple tells us was the case in the last Sioux outbreak in Minnesota, and as has recently occurred again in the case of the Bannocks—it is plain that the reform must begin in our legislative bodies, and that they must learn to realize that life and death, peace and war, are at stake when appropriation bills are delayed, before we can hope for much from the efforts even of the best-meaning officers on the frontier, whether they are soldiers or Quakers.—*Hon. F. D. Coe, in International.*

### The Value of Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is to a certain extent, a matter of temperament. Some are constitutionally sanguine, and always fix their eyes on the bright side. They can see cause for happiness even in times of trial and misfortune.

"How unfortunate you are!" said a friend to a poor man who had lost one of his limbs by a railway accident.

"It might have been much worse," replied the maimed man, cheerfully.

"How worse?"

"I might have lost both legs."

Philosophy does not often go so far as this. Undoubtedly the possession of it adds to the happiness of any one blest with it. His bright views of life are contagious, and contribute to make those around him cheerful. A household is blest which contains within it one of these apostles of good cheer.

On the other hand, a melancholy person depresses all within the sphere of his influence. The psalmist speaks of advanced age, with its attendant infirmities, as bringing days in which man can take little pleasure, but to the young, or those in vigorous middle age, there is no excuse for regarding the earth as "a vale of tears."

Even advanced old age need not be gloomy. William Cullen Bryant, after passing his eightieth year, found much rational enjoyment remaining to him; and the venerable Peter Cooper, whose eighty-eighth birthday was recently celebrated by his numerous friends, is as happy, and takes as much interest in public affairs, as most young men.

Few human lives flow altogether smoothly. Uninterrupted happiness and prosperity are rare. It is the touch of adversity, the approach of trial, that tests the strength of man's nature. To endure reverses with manly cheerfulness marks a nature inwardly noble.

It may be prudent to avert misfortune from afar, and groan over the prospect, but it is not likely to add to a man's happiness. The seamstress, who stitches long hours in a room on the fifth floor of a tenement house, who contrives with a bird, or a humble flower-pot to brighten her narrow life, is a true philosopher, and makes the best of an unpromising lot. Some times she is really happier than her wealthy employer, for happiness can not be obtained by those who have the most money.

An English poet calls happiness "our being's end and aim," and it may fairly be presumed that our Creator is better pleased with cheerful and happy, than with morose and melancholy faces. Beauty is a gift of nature, but it may be heightened by a bright and contented disposition.

"On one occasion when Phoebe Cary was at the museum in New York, looking about at the curiosities," says Mr. Bernum, "I proceeded her and had passed down a couple of steps. She, intently watching a big anaconda in a case at the top of the stairs, walked off (not noticing them) and fell. I was just in time to catch her in my arms and save her from a dangerous fall. 'I am more lucky than the first woman was, who fell through the influence of the serpent,' remarked Phoebe, as she recovered herself."

A woman too often reasons from her heart; hence two-thirds of her mistakes and troubles.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

### Palace of the King of Rome.

Soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him on the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of the Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, that was estimated to be worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut to be quite essential to the plan, demanded two thousand dollars. The exorbitant demand was reported to the emperor. He replied,—"It is exorbitant; but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him."

The man, finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared, that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than six thousand dollars. All expostulations were in vain. The architect again appealed to the emperor.

"This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us. But there is no help for it. We must pay him the money."

The emperor now increased his price to ten thousand dollars. The emperor, when informed of it, said, indignantly,—

"The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect for the law."

The plans of the architect were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building material, bitterly lamented his folly. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

### Farming in New England.

The occasional reports which are made concerning the condition of agriculture in this country are full of suggestive lessons for all who will take pains to read them. From time to time they are made by one of the leading New York journals, after a thorough canvass of every State and Section, and from them may be drawn reliable conclusions as to our agricultural condition. The *New York Times* has very recently been at the pains to compile a report thus made, from which it says that the general conclusions to be drawn are that our agricultural products will this year probably be larger than ever before, and certainly will be very large. We shall have a heavy surplus of wheat and corn to export. With the flattering prospects as to corn and grass, it is safe to assume that the surplus of provisions, of pork, beef, lard, and of butter and cheese, will also be considerable. At the same time we are likely to have abundant food at reasonable prices—an important element in the competition which our manufacturers are entering on with those of other nations, and still more important in the general problem of home commerce. In many of the reports are to be found statements as to the rates of wages and the condition of general business. These all agree that while wages are low, employment is more uniform and business more active than for a long time. From whatever standpoint, therefore, we regard the immediate future, we have reason to be encouraged.

In reference to the New England States, it states that there has obviously been a considerable revival of agriculture. While, for many years, the young men of these States have sought better returns for their labor, either in mechanical pursuits or in trade, or in farming at the West, there is now a perceptible tendency to get back to the tilling of the land. In the neighborhood of cities more small farming is being done, not producing anything for shipment, but supplying in part a demand which has for a long time drawn upon other sections. In the strictly agricultural portions of these States there has been a good deal of change in the ownership of land, and large farms are forming under the control of men commanding more capital, whose better-directed management is producing better results. As to the specific crops, it may be said that, while miscellaneous cereal products and fruits promise well, the grass crop, with its attendant products of the dairy, is decidedly increased. Probably it would be safe to say that New England will contribute at least 10 per cent more of hay, and of butter, cheese and stock, than last year.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

### CHARACTER IN ANIMALS.

"The elephants are playful creatures, sir," said the keeper of the menagerie. "They subside preppally on hay, and eat all the time almost, only stopping to play. Why, sir, those ten elephants there will get together and play a half-day at a time without stopping. Now look at their eyes and ivory. Isn't there some resemblance to a human being laughing? What different expressions animals have! Look at that elephant! Do what you please with him, he wouldn't harm you; while that leopard, to your right there, would fight as long as life lasts. The conduct of each animal betrays his natural characteristics. As soon as dark comes the hyenas commence pacing up and down their cages, in quest of food; his regular time, you know, in his native jungle. Then the elephant begins; the lion answers him, another lion roars back; the panther takes it up; then the sea-lion joins with its peculiar cross between sound and shriek; and now come the monkeys, and the macaw and cockatoo, while an occasional neigh of a horse and bark of a dog make a noise that is at times deafening, but not altogether unpleasant. Finally nothing is left of the hubbub save the occasional chirp of a bird, when all of a sudden the elephant will wake the echoes, and the whole gang take up the chorus. As a whole, they're noisy fellows, sir."

A medal should be presented to the dog in Norwich, Connecticut, that runs about at a stable, not long ago, and drew a burning blanket from a horse and carried it into the street, burning himself severely while so doing.

Matrimony hath something in it of nature, something of civility, something of divinity.



In his lecture on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces," after describing those wonders of electric and chemical action which seem to mimic the play of vitality, Prof. Tyndall continues:

### Matrimonial Probabilities.

**YOUTH.**—Make the most of youth. Enjoy it in every reasonable way while you have it, but always remember every time you overdraw on it you are contracting a debt that must be repaid, with heavy interest, in the future. Retain youth as long as you can, neglecting nothing which will assist you in so doing, but scorning everything which is false or deceitful.

There is no present danger that the business will be overdone. This country is fast becoming the world's food storehouse, and the more we produce, the better is the market for it. If the commerce of the United States should continue to grow at its recent rate for a generation, we should become the richest people on the face of the earth.—*Youth's Companion.*

Thus, from the changes and depressions of trade, the young man is up and the elder one is down.

he is as fresh and vigorous as many a man of fifty. He deserves the love of his people and the respect of all men. The honors that were paid him and his consort last week, were a fitting expression of the homage that is everywhere given to the uprightness of his character and the justice of his rule.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake to shake the frogs when they began to croak.

The fact is, he can't move without rattling. During the month of August he sheds his skin, and the skin getting over his eyes makes him blind. Then he is very dangerous, biting at anything in his way. The rattlesnake is feared and respected by all, and being a native American, may well be taken as a fine type of our national character; his motto being, "Let me alone, and

trated beyond recovery, no such drawback attends this remedy, for it sustains the strength of the sufferer, while eradicating the cause of his complaint.

P. N. P. Co., (new series) No. 71 **SAVE YOUR MONEY!**

John Rogers has been well known in C. F. for the last twenty-six years.

Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will



# WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.  
WOODLAND, CAL.,.....JULY 12, 1879



## REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D.

### STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
HUGH J. GLENN.....of Colusa  
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,  
LEVI CHASE.....of San Diego  
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,  
W. J. TINNIX.....of Trinity  
FOR CONTROLLER,  
W. B. C. BROWN.....of Sacramento  
FOR TREASURER,  
G. T. PAULI.....of Sonoma  
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,  
JO. HAMILTON.....of Placer  
FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL,  
WM. MINIS.....of Yolo  
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,  
D. B. WOOLF.....of San Francisco  
FOR SUPT. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,  
HENRY C. GESFORD.....of Napa  
FOR CHIEF JUSTICE,  
R. E. MORRISON.....of San Francisco  
FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES,  
E. W. McKINSTRY.....of San Francisco  
J. D. THORNTON.....of San Francisco  
T. P. STONEY.....of Napa  
THOS. B. REARDAN.....of Nevada  
E. M. ROSS.....of Los Angeles  
S. B. McKEE.....of Alameda  
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,  
1st Dist.-G. J. CARPENTER.....of El Dorado  
FOR BOARD OF EQUALIZATION,  
3d Dist. C. E. WILCOXSON.....of Sutter  
MEMBER OF CONGRESS,  
3d Dist. C. P. BERRY.....of Sutter.

### COUNTY TICKET.

For Superior Judge,  
E. R. BUSH.  
For Member of the Assembly,  
D. N. HERSHEY.  
For Sheriff,  
JNO. D. LAWSON  
For Clerk,  
H. B. PENDEGAST.  
For Recorder,  
J. O. MAXWELL.  
For Treasurer,  
A. C. KEAN.  
For Assessor,  
FRED. KLAIS.  
For District Attorney,  
W. H. GRANT.  
For Superintendent of Schools,  
JNO. W. GOIN.  
For Surveyor,  
L. EVERETT.  
For Public Administrator,  
S. L. MONDAY.  
For Coroner,  
P. KRELLENBERG.  
For Justice of the Peace, Cache Creek Township,  
E. PETERSON.  
For Constable, Cache Creek Township,  
S. MONTGOMERY.

A six-day walking match, with eleven contestants, commenced Thursday in the Mechanic's Pavilion, San Francisco.

We have received a complimentary ticket to the annual fair of the Northern District Agricultural Society, to be held at Marysville, Sept. 15th to 20th, inclusive.

The yellow fever has again made its appearance in Memphis, and the inhabitants are fleeing from the city. It is not yet known whether it is in the form of an epidemic.

Five tons of Giant Powder exploded at Bodie day before yesterday, killing three persons, and wounding nearly forty—some fatally. The shock was felt distinctly at Bridgeport, 25 miles distant.

For the last seven years there has been an average of 516 divorces granted each year in Massachusetts, or a total of 3,612 for that length of time. This beats any other State in the Union more than two to one.

The Buffalo Teachers' Institute at its last meeting recommended that geography as a special study be dropped from the first grade of the schools, and some branch of natural science or civil government be substituted therefor.

Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court, has decided that the ordinance directing the Sheriff of San Francisco county to cut off the hair of all convicted prisoners in the county jail, is not legal, on the ground that it is not "general legislation."

The only party of any importance in California to day that has taken a firm stand, as a party, against that great curse, Chinese immigration, is the Democratic party, and the people of this State will remember it when they come to cast their votes for Congressmen on the 3d of September next.

## THE ATTEMPTED TRADE.

When the idea of a new party was first conceived in the minds of the proprietors of the San Francisco Chronicle, and a few other notoriety and office seeking individuals, the reason paramount to all others given by them for its formation, was that the new Constitution should be placed in the hands of its "friends" for interpretation, and those who voted for its adoption were the only ones put in that class. It was claimed by them, and admitted by others, that if the persons opposed to the change were honest in their views, they should not be placed in positions where they could make and interpret laws in accordance with them. The legislative and judiciary offices being the ones that would have the making and interpretation of the laws, were the ones most needed to be filled by "friends" of the new Constitution, and on them was the principal fight made. That these immaculate reformers were dishonest in their professions, their actions during the Democratic State Convention have clearly shown. Despite the fact that the Supreme Court of this State will have more to do with the interpretation of the new Constitution than all other offices combined, the honest leaders of this party of purity offered to withdraw their candidates for that position and support the Democratic candidates, if the Democrats would in turn endorse the balance of the H. B. State ticket. But there were enough honest men in the Democratic State Convention to throttle any such infamous plan, and as a consequence it fell through. Now what claim to honesty can the leaders of a party have, that will attempt to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage? And how blind to all trickery and corruption must a party be that will continue to follow such a leadership. The only excuse they can make is so humiliating that they are too proud to make it, but it is nevertheless true. It is that the new party does not contain enough brains to make a competent judiciary, and they were forced to look elsewhere. There is no politics in this fight—all they want is a set of officers who will construe the new law in the spirit in which it was framed, but they are willing to trade their whole Supreme Court for the political offices. We have wondered why it was that honesty was becoming so scarce in this country. We know now. Chas. DeYoung and the rest of the new party are monopolizing it to such an extent that there is not enough left to go round. Verily, it is the age of monopolies.

### C. P. BERRY.

The Democrats of this Congressional district have selected a standard bearer for the coming campaign, of whom they may well be proud. C. P. Berry, the nominee for Congress, was speaker of the last Assembly, and as such made a record for honesty and integrity that will assist him greatly in winning the fight in which he is now engaged. Mr. Berry was a warm supporter of the new Constitution, but did not follow in the wake of the DeYongs in the formation of a new party. The W. P. C. of this district nominated him for Congress, but as he has emphatically refused to take their iron-clad pledge, it remains to be seen whether they will allow him to remain on the ticket. Berry will beat McKenna about 1500 votes in the district.

A. A. R. Utting, formerly one of the proprietors of the Napa Reporter, and founder of the Lakeport Democrat, died on Monday, June 29th, at Happy Camp, Lake county. Mr. Utting had been in feeble health for some time, and having sold the Democrat a few months ago, was living an out-door life in the mountains of Lake county, in the hopes of having his health restored. He was a kind father and a good citizen, and as genial a companion as one could wish for. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his death.

The number of passengers arriving at San Francisco by sea from foreign ports last month was 2,373, and the number of departures was 969. The figures include 1,824 arrivals from China and Japan, against 301 departures, showing a gain of over 1,500.

The Pacific Coast Board of engineers has concluded taking testimony as to the best point on the northern coast for the proposed harbor of refuge for the present. They will leave here in the Constantine to visit the various points recommended some time this month.

Geo. C. Gorham will address the people at Union Hall, Friday evening, July 11th, at eight o'clock—subject, "Railroad abuses in California, and their Remedy," and also this: "Proper attention will be given to F. M. Pixley and his Argonaut. Galleries reserved for ladies and their escorts." There will be famous fun—but not for Brother Pixley. To him it will be as it was with those who saluted Caesar in the fatal arena, as with the bull tortured by the matadores, as with the frogs pelted by the cruel boys. Not the exploring look of the ladies in the galleries, nor the turning up of their thumbs, after the ancient Roman fashion to signal that the life of the prostrate gladiator may be spared, can avail Brother Pixley as Brother Gorham shall lash and tear and dissect and grind him with fiery tongue in vengeful fury wagged. He will feast upon his subject. He will burn him up. But, there will be another number of the Argonaut next week, and then Brother Pixley will probably show that he is still the monarch of that craft, the ruler of its columns broad, and that it will be in order for Brother Gorham to take off his jacket and receive further punishment. To the public, it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and as it progresses much will be learned of conspicuous persons of the party of all the purity and all the wealth. Democracy will not lose by the spectacle or the revelations.—Examiner.

The special session of Congress did not close without the accomplishment of much good, after all that the Radicals say of it in derision and ridicule of the Democratic majority. They brought Hayes at last to relinquish his abuse of employing troops at the polls, and they abolished the jurors' test oath law by which white citizens were excluded from serving on grand or petit juries. No more will the army be used to intimidate and disfranchise voters. No longer can corrupt Federal Judges and Marshals pack juries in the South to give verdicts dictated by themselves so as to rob or imprison white citizens. And, besides the repeal of these two odious laws, the infamous Supervisor of Election and Deputy Marshal law is rendered comparatively harmless. A pretty good showing this, for the special session, on the Democratic side.—Examiner.

There is a good deal of suggestion in this paragraph: "A State Superintendent who had made, during a long term of office, hundreds of visits to ungraded country schools, declared that he never once saw a teacher conducting a recitation without a text-book in hand; that he seldom saw either teacher or pupils at the blackboard; that he never saw a teacher give an object lesson; that he never heard a lesson on morals or manners; that he never saw but one school cabinet; that he never saw a reading class trained to stand erect and hold a book properly; that he never heard a teacher give a lesson in local geography; that classes, when asked to point north uniformly pointed upward to the zenith; that he never heard a spelling lesson dictated in which the teacher did not mispronounce one or more words; and that he never found a school where the pupils had been trained to write a letter, either of business or friendship."

We have received No. 1. Vol. I of the Woodland Standard; a new paper, just started in Woodland, by Dwight L. Hackett, formerly of the Winters Advocate—in fact, the Standard, we take it, is the successor of the Advocate. Bro. Hackett, we presume finding the field at Winters too small for his talents has thought best to seek larger space, which we hope he will find at Woodland. The Standard is a handsome six column, eight page paper, and its editor a ready and pleasant writer, and a Democrat of the right stripe. He deserves success of which we wish him abundance in his new field.—Lake Democrat.

Novel cards have been distributed in Paris on which is printed: "Time table of the shortest road to Heaven. Trains leave: Anytime. Trains arrive When God pleases. Price of seats: First class, Generosity; Second-class, Faith; Third-class, Resignation."

The Mechanics Fair will open in San Francisco on August 5th. Great preparations are being made for a large display.

Milton said, "Our country is where we are well off." How few of us newspaper men feel at home.

If Mr. Tilden should be nominated by the Democracy next year, it will be a most significant instance of the popular will asserting and enforcing itself against the most powerful, the most cunning, and the most resolute opposition. If Mr. Tilden is nominated, it will be because the people want him, and will have no other man.

It is not unnatural that this should be so. The truth that he was elected in 1876, and that though fraud and audacity on the part of the Republicans and cowardice and treachery on the part of certain Democrats, another man who had not been elected was put in his place, has impressed itself deeper and deeper upon the popular mind with every day that has since elapsed. That truth men naturally desire to vindicate. They feel that they owe this to the cause of republican institutions, the cause of self-government, the cause of right, of justice, of liberty. The Presidential Fraud first triumphant in American history must be condemned and branded, and this cannot be done in any other way so effectively—so people reason—as by electing Mr. Tilden in 1880 and putting him at the head of the Government.—New York Sun.

The Springfield Republican is the ablest and fairest Radical organ in Massachusetts, or in the whole country, for that matter. It expresses its surprise at the generous treatment its party has received at the hands of the Democrats in the reappointment of the New York city Assembly Districts, and says: "Out of twenty-four Districts, four as laid out, will certainly be Republican, and in four more a Republican majority is possible, and a republican candidate will be nearly always elected when, as usually happens, two Democrats are in the field. The apportionment is by odds fairer than the division of the State into Senate Districts by the Republican Legislature, or in fact any recent apportionment by either party in closely contested States. The Republicans obtain great assistance in carrying the lower branch of the Legislature, which it was supposed any new apportionment would make impossible, and a very reasonable prospect of choosing Senator Kernan's successor a year from next Winter." Fairness in the matter of re-apportionment is never shown or practised by the Radicals.

## HOUSEKEEPERS,

And all who have occasion to use

## ILLUMINATING OIL,

Will find it greatly to their advantage to call at

## WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON'S

### DRUG STORE,

And examine the quality and price of the finest

### STANDARD

## White Kerosene Oil

Which we guarantee equal to any made for

Lasting Brilliancy and Safety.

We will sell this oil by the

QUART,  
GALLON,  
CASE,  
OR BARREL,

At a Lower Price

Than inferior oils are now sold for throughout the State.

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## WOODLAND

## A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

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## GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

Grain,  
Grain Bags,  
Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR.....\$2.00  
Six Months.....\$1.00

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

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To Everybody.

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

Call and See Us!

FOR 50 CENTS,

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland.

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.



WOODLAND STANDARD.  
Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,  
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:  
One Year in advance.....\$2 00  
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Weather cloudy.  
Wheat is worth \$1.50 in Woodland.  
Don't forget the meeting of Democratic Club to-night.  
Democrats, see that your names are on the Great Register in time.  
The Board of Supervisors and the County Court have been in session this week.  
New Constitution Cigars at St. Louis Variety Store. The best in Woodland.  
It is said by those who have traveled it that the river road to Sacramento is in splendid condition.  
The Democratic Joint Senatorial Convention for Yolo and Solano counties will meet at Davisville to-day.  
There was a slight sprinkle of rain last night. We publish this item for the benefit of our Eastern subscribers.  
O, tempora! O, mores! Harvest is in full blast, and still tramping seems to be fashionable in this section of country.  
Pure Kentucky Whiskies and Peach Brandy for medicinal purposes at Elston's Drug Store.  
Candidates are having their cards placed in all conspicuous places about town. They believe in "Keeping it before the people."  
There is only one really competent candidate for Superior Judge before the voters of Yolo county this year. It is Judge Bush, the Democratic candidate.  
J. B. Cole, an old resident of this county, having been engaged in farming near Madison since 1857, died at his residence on Tuesday last, July 8th.  
Among the passengers to arrive at Sacramento to-day are Mrs. Wm. Minis and daughter, who have been on visit to relatives and friends in the East.  
If integrity and ability are wanted and needed in the office of District Attorney of Yolo county, then the Democratic candidate, W. H. Grant is the man to vote for.  
Wheat has an upward tendency, and as the reports of crops in Europe are all unfavorable, there is a prospect of its being worth 2 cents before the first of January.  
If our subscription list continues to increase for the next three months as it has since we started, we will then have the largest circulation of any paper in the county.  
And now there are several H. B.'s in high standing who make affidavit that they will vote for Glenn even though the *Chronicle* does take his name from the head of the ticket.  
The *Mail* continues to growl about our "patent inside." Why, we cannot imagine. It suits us, and suits our subscribers, and that is all we are trying to do. Can the *Mail* say as much?  
Dr. Pinkham's card appears among our advertisements to-day. The Dr. has a large and increasing practice, and is having great success in the treatment of women and children.  
There is nothing so refreshing as those ice-cold drinks from the Arctic Soda Fountain at Elston's Drug Store.  
The wheat in Yolo is turning out better than was expected. We have seen some of the finest wheat ever raised in the county this year. The crop in Capay valley is especially good.  
S. J. Still, the popular head clerk in Charnak & Levy's grocery, left this week for a trip to the mountains and springs. We hope he will have a fine trip, and get as fat as a candidate for the Assembly.  
The statement made by the *Democrat* that no one can vote at the next election who is not on the Great Register by the 1st of August, is a mistake. August 15th, at 5 p. m., is the day and hour for closing the books.  
One of the strongest nominations made by the Democrats of Yolo county was that of H. B. Pendegast, nominee for County Clerk. Bruce will likely have a majority over both his opponents, and in Woodland precinct alone we expect to see him get 200 majority.  
The Horribles held a meeting Thursday night, and after ordering all the outstanding bills to be paid, found themselves still in possession of about \$35. This was ordered to be placed in the Bank to their credit, and will be a good start for another Fourth.  
According to the announcements already made, we are to have two great shows in Woodland next Wednesday evening—Kearney and a circus. Kearney will have the biggest crowd, but it will likely be an open question which is the greatest fraud.  
It is said that Chas. De Young, of the *Chronicle* went up to Knight's Landing this week to consult with Snowball on matters pertaining to the new party. He stopped in Woodland long enough to take a drink, but this is thought to be a mistake by some as he did not call on Kelley and Johnson.  
Mr. Mack Webber has returned from Bodie, where he has been looking around for a chance to go into business. He reports the times good in that section of the country, and thinks the mines are permanent and paying ones. He intends to return to that place in a few days, as soon as he can dispose of his household goods. We are sorry to lose Mr. Webber from the business men of Woodland, and wish him success wherever he goes.

**Registration.**  
There seems to be some misunderstanding about the registration business. Some claim that the law passed by the last Legislature, requiring voters to re-register before they could be entitled to vote, applies to the whole State. We have looked into this matter and find it incorrect. The law mentioned applied only to San Francisco, and those whose names are already on the Great Register will not have to register again. A new Great Register will be printed for Yolo county this year, however, and every voter should see to it that his name is there. Legal voters whose names are not on the Register should tend to the matter before August 15th, as the books will be closed at 5 p. m., of that day.

**Light Wanted.**  
Now that the nominations for Member of the Assembly are all made it would be well for the several candidates to let the people know how they stand on the questions that are of the most importance to the people of Yolo county. Especially we would like to hear from the Foxtail candidate. The platform of that party is a little vague. Every man elected to office will have to take his oath to support the Constitution of the State, so it is just as much the platform of the other parties as it is of the one that claims sole ownership of the instrument. The taxation question would be a good starter for the candidates who want to let the people know how the stand. Let us have a little light.

**Coming!**  
On Wednesday evening next we expect to see the greatest and most disgusted crowd in Woodland that ever assembled in the town to listen to a political speech. On that evening the great champion of reform and billingsgate, Denis Kearney, is expected to address the citizens of Yolo county on the issues of the day. That is what the bills announce, but we doubt very much whether he will deal much in real live issues. He will abuse every politician in the country that he can think of and will tell the people that the Chinese must go; and the politicians and the Chinamen will pay but little attention to him. We hope everybody that can will improve the opportunity of listening to him, as this is the best way to form a correct idea of his limited mental calibre.

**A Splendid Work.**  
We have been shown by De Pue & Co., the "Illustrated History of San Joaquin County" and can say, without exaggeration that it is the finest gotten up book of that kind we ever saw. The Historical portion of the work was written by Col. F. T. Gilbert, and contains a great deal of information never before published, in the gathering of which Col. Gilbert has shown great energy and ability. The Stockton *Herald* concludes an elaborate notice of the work as follows:  
"And when to these important subjects are added the beautiful and well executed plates, representing the homes of the valley, and the maps which give so clear an idea of the localities, we may congratulate the publishers on the successful completion of the enterprise, and the people of San Joaquin county that so valuable a history of our beautiful valley has been given to the world. This splendid and valuable volume should be permanently preserved as a portion of the public archives and placed in the Public School Library. It is hoped that the proper authorities will make the necessary provision for this purpose, as an equal amount of money could not be more judiciously expended."  
Col. Gilbert is now hard at work on the History of Yolo County, and judging from his past efforts, we will have a history of our county that will be of great value.

**WINDMILLS.**—One of the best paying investments we know of is a good windmill. In this climate there is enough wind to furnish a constant supply of water for all ordinary purposes, and every farmer should have a good mill if he can possibly afford it. Mr. W. E. Martin is the agent for this county for the "Pacific" Windmill, said by those who know, to be the best mill on the coast. We advise all in want of a mill to examine the "Pacific."

**WHEAT SACKS.**—The demand for wheat sacks this year has been greater than the supply part of the time. We understand that the firm of A. Nickelsburg & Bro., have already sold over 300,000 of the celebrated Calcutta sacks, size 22x36, and the season is not near over yet. Farmers who have used these sacks say they are the best ever brought to this market.

**DEMOCRATIC CLUB.**—The Woodland Democratic Club will hold a meeting at Washington Hall this evening, at which a large attendance is desired. The campaign now opened promises to be a lively one, and by concerted action much good can be accomplished. We would urge upon all Democrats the necessity of making this Club a success, and of having a full attendance at all meetings.

The best looking, jolliest, smoothest talking insurance man on the turf is Stafford, of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co. We saw him have an honest Capay farmer cornered the other day, and before he knew it we coaxed that farmer away from him, and got \$2 for a year's subscription to the STANDARD. Next to a copy of this paper for one year, the best thing a man can have is a policy in the Pacific Mutual.

Won't the political parties ever stop putting up monopolists for office? There's the Republican candidate for the Assembly. He controls the gigantic monopoly of an artesian well that is several inches in diameter.

The most popular cigar is the "Bumblebee" and the best brand of tobacco is the "Gravelly," to be had at Elston's Drug Store.

**Archery.**  
As there are several archery clubs already formed among the ladies of Woodland, the following suggestions from an exchange may not be out of place:  
Don't attempt to hold the bow in both hands when you shoot.  
If you shoot over the target lower it. If you shoot under it have it elevated.  
When you miss the target and plow a furrow along a boy's scalp tally two, one for the scalp and one for the boy.  
Either close both eyes or keep both open when you shoot. Some favor one method and some the other, but odds is the difference as long as your father employs a glazier by the month.  
Don't attempt a curve-shot. The arrow is as apt to come down on the baby's head as elsewhere.  
Some girls squint up one eye and hang out their tongue when they pull the bow. This is not absolutely necessary to a line shot, though it does look romantic.  
There is no particular distance to be observed, but the nearer the target you stand the more chance you have of hitting some one across the street in the eye.  
We received a communication this week signed "Truthseeker," asking about fifty consecutive scientific questions in the same number of consecutive lines. Until "Truthseeker" sends us his real name his questions must remain unanswered, and he will have to keep on in his fruitless search. We do not desire his name for publication, but merely as an evidence that the fools are not all dead yet.

This would don't come to an end worth a cent. Yesterday was the day fixed by some of these enthusiasts for the great event to take place, but something failed to connect.

The Board of Supervisors have been sitting as a Board of Equalization this week, but have done nothing further than examine the tax roll. The Board will be in session on Monday for the transaction of regular business, and will remain in session till the 28th inst. On Thursday next any person having complaints to make as to their assessments, can appear before the Board and state their grievances.

**PINAFORE.**—Every town of importance in the country has a local Pinafore troupe, or is about organizing one. Woodland, not to be behind, is about to have one too. It is a laughable comic opera, and as the music is very easy, and the scenery not hard to arrange, it can be given in good style by local talent. We shall give further information regarding it next week.

**CHINAMAN KILLED.**—A Chinaman was run over by the gravel train on the Vaca Valley Railroad, near Winters yesterday, and both legs and one arm terribly mangled. He was put aboard the train and taken to Madison where the Chinese are at work loading the gravel trains, but died about an hour after his arrival. The accident was caused by the Chinaman attempting to step from one car to another while the train was in motion, and falling between them.

Fresno *Expositor* thus comments upon the action of the State Convention: The Democratic Convention, which held its session in Sacramento last week, performed the important duty assigned to it in a manner that must be satisfactory to every true Democrat. The personnel of the ticket is admirable, and will command the zealous support of all Democrats and citizens who are in favor of honest and economical Government. A number of the nominees have been tried and are known to be honest, capable and efficient; the others are men who come with the best of recommendations. They are free from the controlling influences of the powerful corporations and money "rings," nor were their nominations dictated by their agents and tools, as were their opponents on the Radical ticket.

**THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.**  
We are preparing to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of the work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farms, Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels, and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and prosperity of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.  
The illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the county will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.  
We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be sixteen by twenty-six inches in size.  
Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.  
De Pue & Co., Publishers.  
Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

**DIED.**  
Near Madison, Yolo county, July 8, 1879, J. B. Cole, aged 54 years.  
[Iowa papers please copy.]

**C. E. PINKHAM, M. D.,**  
WOODLAND, CAL.  
The only Homeopathic Physician in Yolo County.

**H. B. PENDEGAST**  
Regular Democratic Candidate for  
**COUNTY CLERK**

**WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,**  
**DRUGGISTS.**  
[SUCCESSORS TO MACK WEBBER.]  
One Door West of Express Office.

**WOODLAND.**

We take this opportunity to thank the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country for the liberal patronage shown to us during the short time we have been here, and will state that we shall always keep a well selected stock, which we will sell at unusually low prices, thereby obviating any necessity for leaving our town to look for better supply or prices elsewhere.

The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda, Washing Soda, Strictly Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Gum Camphor, Persian Insect Powder, (sure death to flies and all insects), Fly Sticking Paper, Sponges, Chamote Skins, Chest Protectors, Rubber Combs, Horn Combs, Brushes in great variety, Celluloid Combs and Brushes very cheap. All the

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.

French and English Perfumery.

**BOTTLES FOR DECORATING,**  
A Fine Lot of

**FANCY SOAPS, VERY CHEAP!**

Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a full assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

**NEW STORE.**

**HENRY CRANER**  
Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

**STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES**

**MERCHANDISE, ETC.**

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

**I MEAN WHAT I SAY.**

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

**HENRY CRANER.**

**NEW FIRM!**

**H. H. LINNELL & CO.,**  
37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

**HARDWARE**  
—AND—  
**Agricultural Implements.**  
AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,  
Weyrich Headers,  
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,  
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,  
**H. H. LINNELL & CO.**  
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, VIA  
H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m Geo. O. BATES.

**THE SEWING MACHINE OF TO-DAY.**

**"DOMESTIC"**  
THE LIGHT RUNNING

The Most Efficient and Enduring of

**SEWING MACHINES.**

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

LADIES USE THE

**DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS**

They are unsurpassed in STYLE and perfect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

Address, **J. W. EVANS,**  
29 Post Street, San Francisco.  
Mechanic's Institute Building.

**FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.**

Main Street,.....Woodland.

**CHARMAK & LEVY**

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected stock of

**GROCERIES**  
—AND—  
**PROVISIONS**

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sell

**As Cheap as the Cheapest.**

—THE—  
**DRY GOODS**  
—AND—  
**CLOTHING**  
**DEPARTMENT**

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

**Great Bargains!**  
—IN—  
**F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E!**

**Mattresses, Etc.**

**Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.**

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

**W. D. COMSTOCK,**  
5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.  
my10-3m

**PENDEGAST & CO.,**  
**WOODLAND.**

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
A FULL LINE OF

**GENTS' CLOTHING,**

**Furnishing Goods,**  
**HATS, ETC.,**

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

**GIVE US A CALL,**  
mar15.

**F. B. CHANDLER,**  
**DEALER IN**  
**LUMBER,**  
**AND ALL KINDS OF**  
**BUILDING MATERIAL.**

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and  
MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

Our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOR. MC'LEOD.

**OTAGO & MC'LEOD.**  
Main Street, Winters.

**BLACKSMITHING**  
—AND—  
**WAGON WORK.**  
Horseshoeing a Specialty.

**DRESSMAKING!**  
**MRS. JOHN WEBBER,**

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

**GIVE HER A CALL.**



also be remarked that waste paper containing such soap may be used as a fertilizing agent for gardens. These soaps are now extensively manufactured in Germany and France.—*Chem. Zeitung.*



### Wit and Humor.

More people should die on Saturday than on any other day; it's the recognized end of the week.

The college boat-races have begun, and we shall now see the result of the winter's hard study.

Two things command my veneration—the stary universe around me, and law of duty within.—*Emanuel Kant.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington, "the place is so sequestered that we are never annoyed by stray predestinations and people of that sort."

Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

His last *lapsus lingue*: Embarrassed young gentleman (to wife of Cabinet Minister): "I—I—I think you've had the pleasure of meeting me before."

Instructor in Logic to Mr. H.—"By what method of reasoning do you infer that a bullet is hot after it strikes a target?" Mr. H.—"By picking it up, sir."

A pretty girl once said to Leigh Hunt, "I am very sad, you see," whereupon he replied, "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect, you are very fair, I see!"

If you are not wealthy enough to keep a flock of hens and accompanying gentleman attendant, keep a baby. He can "crow" early enough to wake you up in abundant season to see the sun rise.

A gentleman being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam boiler exploded, is said to have replied that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that mere steam had no effect on him.

I suppose the bells are sounding an alarm of fire, sneeringly said a man, as the church bells were calling the worshippers one Sunday morning. To which a clergyman, who was passing, replied: "Yes, my friend; but the fire is not in this world."

A little girl at school read thus: "The widow lived on a limbeck left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher. "The word is legacy; not limbeck." "But," said the little girl, "my sister said I must say limbeck, not leg."

"Byron, my son," said a literary father to his athletic son—"Byron never played base-ball." "No," said the boy, putting on his orange-colored shirt. "and George Washington never wrote poetry." Here the morning hour expired, and the bill went over.

STERN, BUT TRUE.—"Young man," said a stern old professor to a student who had been charged with kissing one of his daughters—"young man, don't get into that habit. You'll find that kissing is like eating soup with a fork." "How so, sir?" asked the student. "Because," answered the stern old professor, "you can't get enough of it."

Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot: "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir. Highest mountain above Lake George." "Any legend or story connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once, and never came back again." "Indeed? Why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

A countryman saw, for the first time, a school-girl going through some of her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and commiseration for a while, he asked a boy near by, "if that gal had fits." "No," replied the lad, contemptuously, "that's gymnastics." "Oh, 'tis, hey?" said the verdant, "how long has she had 'em?"

Two old Texas rangers, who had just helped bury a neighbor, were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world, if he was in earnest. "Wal," said the other, reflectively, "I think of a man gets so't he can swop steers or trade horses without lyin', at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

"Doctor," said a ragged-looking man to a member of the medical profession in Nevada, recently, "don't you think you could find me some work?" "Well, now, perhaps I could," replied the doctor, thoughtfully, "what would you like to do?" "I'm not a bit particular," was the ready reply, "and I'll take a job to dig graves." The doctor has taken the matter under consideration.

The *Home Journal* tells a funny story about Tennyson and Thackeray. Once they were in Paris, and Thackeray, on going out, cautioned the servant never to let the fire go out: "Ne laissez pas sortir le feu." Thackeray's French pronunciation not being perfect, the servant understood the last word to be *feu*, instead of *feu*; consequently he was not to let the madman go out. When Thackeray got back, he found the hotel in great excitement, and Tennyson, in a towering rage, talking about, while the landlord declared that the madman insisted on going out. The people in the hotel had to unise their forces to hold in.

There is a man in Illinois who never seeks the seclusion of a bed-room, but prefers to retire with the crickets and the spiders and the ants. He doesn't believe in pampered luxury. Even sleeping on the soft side of a board is an indulgence which he rarely allows himself. He has a trench dug in his back yard in which he reposes after a man servant has covered all but his head with earth. He might find his position rather uncomfortable if a number of cats and dogs undertook to hold a matinee in the back yard some fine evening. Should he die in the night his funeral expenses would be very light, and this is some consolation to his friends. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, a youth to fame and to fortune unknown. He never liked a bed, or steamboat, birth; but loved to sleep in the back yard alone.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Cheapest Thing on Earth.

The address delivered by Mr. White-law Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, at the annual meeting of the New York State Editorial Association, was an elaborate and exceedingly interesting discussion of the past, present and future of American journalism. We give a few extracts below:

Mr. Reid began with a comprehensive review of the causes which have produced a revolution in the business of journalism—the invention of the fast printing-press, the extension of the railroad and telegraph systems, the stereotyping process, the employment of unlimited capital, and the changes in advertising, being enlarged upon as the chief elements that have made the modern American newspaper what it is. In regard to the question whether we are likely soon to have cheaper public journals, Mr. Reid argued cogently from existing facts—epigrammatically declaring that newspapers would come down to ante-war prices when readers are willing to accept an ante-war newspaper, and this he thought very problematical. Statistical data were produced to show the enormous expenditure now undertaken by newspapers in order to obtain the earliest and most complete news. As an illustration of the prices paid before the war for journalistic work, Mr. Reid gave these figures:

Something has been said of the enormous increase in editorial expenses, but a few figures of individual salaries will make it clearer. From an old salary book (the *Tribune's*) containing the weekly payments from 1848 to 1859, I extract from the first page some items that have now a curious sound. The first entry is Mr. Sinclair, a bookkeeper, \$15. Then follow Mr. Dana, assistant editor, \$14; Mr. Taylor, ditto, \$12; Mr. Cleveland, ditto, \$10; Mr. Snow, money reporter, \$12; Mr. Davies, in the courts, \$4; Mr. Townsend, police reporter, \$7; Mr. Augustus Maverick, proof reader, \$6; Mr. March, Washington correspondent, \$20; Mr. Robinson, ditto, \$15.

Now skip to the last page of the same book containing the payments for the week ending on the 31st of December, 1859. Very largely the same men made the paper. It had grown, as the records on the same page show, from the weekly use of 1884 reams for the daily to the use of 494 reams. Below these items stood the personal list, more than doubled now in length, but with the same leading names.

On the books, a little further back, George William Curtis figures as city editor at \$20 per week, and Henry J. Raymond as second on the paper, rose gradually from \$8 to \$20, Richard Hildreth wrote apparently "by the piece," and his monthly payments range from \$100 to \$200—sometimes more. In 1855 William Henry Frye had risen to \$25 per week; and the next year James S. Pike was paid "for the whole winter's work at Washington" the gross sum of \$203 50. Bayard Taylor was credited \$5 apiece for his California letters, but on his return Mr. Greeley moved and carried an advance of \$10 on the ground that "they had made a hit."

Do the most rigid economists expect that the newspapers will or can return to these "prices before the war?"

The next great revolution in journalism, Mr. Reid continued, is not likely to be in the direction of greater quantity. He did not believe that the daily newspapers of 1890 will give many more pages than that of 1880. Bookmaking is not journalism. The business of a daily newspaper is to print the news of the day in such compass that the average reader may fairly expect to master it during the day, without interfering with his regular business. When it passes beyond these limits it ceases to be a newspaper, and it ceases to command the wide support which is essential to its success. The great revolution of the future in newspapers is not, therefore, to be in doubling their size, in doubling the quantity of matter they give, or in doubling the multitude of subjects they already treat.

He believed that the rule of condensation in news writing will prevail. If a Stanley is sent to Africa, a Macaulay will be sent to tell his story for him.

In conclusion, Mr. Reid gave reasons to show that the power of the press is not declining.

GOLD UNDER THE SEA.—The presence of a French gentleman at Milford, Delaware, and his wanderings over the Folk farm, recall the legends concerning the treasure under the water in that vicinity. This stranger is not the first Frenchman who has sought the sixteen kegs of gold—more than a million of Spanish dollars—buried on the Folk farm by the officers of a French privateer in 1780. The vessel was chased by a British man-of-war, put into the bay, and just had time to send a boat ashore with her treasure before she was captured. The diary of Ezra Polk, who owned the farm at that time, relates at length the circumstances of the burial of the treasure, and at different times Frenchmen have been there to hunt it; but, owing doubtless to the washing of the shore, the bearings they had no longer applied to the rich tomb of gold. Under the water near Cape Henlopen, however, are still greater deposits of treasure. Nearly a century ago the *De Brock*, a large English man-of-war, commanded by James Drew, was captured and sunk while entering the bay. Besides a fabulous amount of treasure between her own decks, the *De Brock* had in charge two Spanish galleons loaded with specie, and these galleons went down with the man-of-war. In addition to this, there was once a Spanish prize ship, loaded with gold and silver, which tried to pass the cape in a storm, but was lost off Sinepuxent beach, near Ocean City, several miles further down. Treasure enough was washed ashore from this prize to make rich the wreckers who dwell along the shore.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in the road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where she can find it and passing by the place where it is not.

Large bonnets do not take.

### If the Sahara is Flooded, What?

The only important objection which has thus far been urged against the undertaking has arisen in the apprehensions expressed by a few scientists that the evaporation produced by so large and so shallow a body of water, exposed to the tropical sun, would be sufficient to deluge northern Europe with incessant rains, and to reduce materially the temperature in all the countries north of the Alps. It has been feared that winds freighted with moisture on crossing the cold summits of the Alps, would precipitate vast volumes of water and produce a degree of cold which would give Denmark and northern Germany a semi-Arctic climate and produce a glacial epoch further north. Is it not probable that all such apprehensions arise out of a misunderstanding as to the topography of the Sahara and North Africa? The entire region to be flooded is practically shut in by mountain-chains on all sides. The Atlas mountains on the north, lifting their snow-clad peaks in some instances 12,000 feet, afford a sufficient bulwark for the protection of Europe from increased humidity. The only possible northern outlet for air currents from El Juf would be across Tunis in a northeasterly direction over the widest part of the Mediterranean. Currents moving in that direction, if they reached Europe at all, would touch the shores of Greece after they had lost most of their humidity. M. de Lesseps, after a careful examination of the question, is convinced that it would result in the general improvement of the climate of Europe, rather than to its detriment. The advantage of the increased evaporation to North Africa cannot be overestimated. The snow-clad cliffs of Aban, lying to the east of the proposed sea, and the Kong-mountains to the south, would bring down upon the parched desert grateful rains, which, with the assistance of cultivation, would in time, no doubt, redeem thousands of square miles from the desolation of the sands. —*Scribner.*

### Fair Isabelle in Paris.

Fair Isabelle had enough mystery about her to charm Paris ladies of high station, and consequently to get their sympathy. All that was known about her was that she lived in an elegant apartment in the Clamps Elysees. She arrived at Paris five months ago, accompanied by a young man who was her lover. She called herself a Spaniard, and a relation of Don Carlos. This report was spread by her lover among certain members of the aristocratic world, who, touched by the misfortune of the lady, hastened to put at her disposal large sums of money, which she took back after the liquidation of certain property which she pretended to have in Spain. Among those who took an interest in her was a priest whose brother occupies a brilliant position in the army. This priest appears to have passed a great deal of his time in the company of Isabelle, who abused his intimacy so far as to pass him off as her brother before many of her tradesmen. In order the better to gain his confidence, she proposed to him one day to go with her to Spain, in order to settle her affairs more promptly, because she had need immediately of a large sum of money. The priest, who could not accept such propositions, offered his guarantee to a usurer, who consented to lend the money which the pseudo-Spanish lady required. In this manner the priest backed bills for several thousands of francs, and pledged his fine collection of pictures. At this stage of events it was discovered that Isabelle was only an adventuress.

A comical trait of Russian manners is sketched in a Russian journal called the *Moscow*. In some parts of Russia it is the custom to ornament wedding festivities with retired generals in full parade uniform. This custom is particularly favored by the bourgeoisie who like to make a display of their relations with high dignitaries. The retired generals are paid for their attendance a sum ranging from five silver roubles upward, according to the number of decorations they wear. The hired general comes early and stays late, and appears to be on terms of intimacy with the family. At the close of the fete he receives his fee and usually goes home in a state of advanced intoxication, if, indeed, he is able to get home at all.

TO RID CATTLE OF LICE.—A correspondent of the *Farmer's Advocate* says: "Some ten or twelve years ago, an agricultural writer observed his bull to be free from lice, but not so the rest of his cattle; and, thinking over the matter, he came to the conclusion that the habit of pawing dirt over himself must have the effect of keeping lice off the bull, and he tried dry ear on the rest of the cattle, with the best effect. Ever since reading the above I have got nothing but dry earth, and have found it perfectly efficacious, both as a preventive and as a cure."

Although John G. Whittier is a bachelor, his name seems to exert a nuptial influence. In his honor a Whittier Club was organized in Cincinnati eighteen months ago, and the membership of the club was limited to eight—nine men and nine women, all unmarried. Since then one of the gentlemen and one lady have been joined in matrimony, five couples are under engagement, and there is hope for the remaining three. It is understood that vacancies in the ranks of this society are in great demand.

An American writing from Spain urges the shipment of labor-saving implements there. Spanish farmers plow with the end of a piece of wood about five inches thick, as was done in the middle ages; sowing and reaping machines are unknown, and grain is not thrashed. Oxen tread it out, and it is winnowed by women, who toss it into the air to scatter the chaff.

A respectable looking, talkative witness in a New York court of justice declared that he was acquainted with all classes of men from lawyers up to the most respectable citizens.

### Some Royal Children.

Did you ever think of the great Queen Elizabeth as a little girl? Poor little child! she did not lead a happy life; for her father did not love her, and she never knew a mother's care. You may imagine how ill she was used when I tell you that her governess was obliged to beg for clothing for her. When she was four years old she assisted at the christening of her infant brother, afterward Edward VI., and on his second birthday she presented him with a cambric shirt of her own making. There was another princess, named Elizabeth, whose years were few but full of sorrow. She was a daughter of King Charles I. of England, and, after his decapitation, was shut up with her little brother in Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight.

The princess was exceedingly beautiful, and seldom was a child seen with such grace and dignity. In her mind she resembled her grandfather, Henry IV. of France, and her intelligence was a subject of astonishment to her father, who often consulted her. The royal children's rooms at Carisbrooke were gloomy and dreary, but they found kind hearts in the custodian of the castle and his good wife.

As though to make the scene of their imprisonment still more sad, the first night of their arrival a sentinel called to the princess as she looked out, and unfeelingly told her that the little Gothic window which she saw opposite to her was where her father had tried to escape, but was prevented by its smallness. This brought a flood of tears from the little princess, who seemed inconsolable for the fate of her father. The next day, the children went to the little Gothic window, and there they interlarded their hands between the bars and stood for a long time thinking of their father.

The princess begged that the door of the room where her father had been confined might be opened. Its walls brought new tears, and sad memories of the humiliation which the king had endured. By the help of her brother, the princess turned her father's room into an oratory, and placed her precious Bible there. In summer, they brought flowers to decorate the place.

One quiet evening, they heard some sailors at sea singing, as was their habit, "God save the king!"

"Listen," said the princess, "there are still some who love our father," and, happy for one moment, she embraced her brother.

As they were taking their usual walk upon the ramparts one morning, a wedding procession passed; the young girls were dancing, and had bouquets in their hands; but when they saw the royal children they stopped and threw their flowers, out of respect and kind feeling. The princess in gratitude leaned down, and, loosening a little cross from her neck, dropped it into the hand of the bride.

Another time, a funeral procession passed by, and the princess, seeing them weeping, said:

"Oh do not weep; to rest in God is only happiness."

She grew weaker and weaker every day, but as long as she was able she taught her little brother each day out of her Bible and some old Latin books which had been given to her. One Sunday morning, the 8th September, 1650, as the warden's wife entered the room, according to custom, with a bowl of milk for the princess, she found her, as she supposed, sleeping, but it proved to be the sleep of death. She lay there white and calm, with her head leaning on her dearly beloved Bible. From her hand had fallen a paper containing an account of her last interview with her father. The paper was headed with these words:

"That which the king said to me the last time I had the happiness of seeing him"—that was on the night before his execution.

After describing the reception of herself and brother, she wrote:

"The king said: 'But perhaps, my darling, you will forget that which I am going to tell you.' And with that he shed abundant tears. I assured him I would write all his words."

"My child," said he, "you must not grieve for me; my death is glorious; I die for the laws, and religion." He assured me he pardoned all his enemies, and wished us also to pardon them. He sent many messages to my mother that his love for her would always be the same. Again, he told us we must not weep for him; that he died a martyr, in full assurance that the throne would some day be given back to his sons, and that then he would be more happy than if he had lived. He then took my little brother Gloucester on his knees and said to him: 'Listen to me, my dear boy; they are going to cut off your father's head, and may be they may wish afterward to make you king, but do not forget that which I am going to tell you,—not to let them make you king.' The child sighed deeply and replied that he would rather be torn in pieces, which answer greatly pleased the king."

Here the story of the farewell broke off, for death had stopped the hand of the young princess. The body was put in a leaden coffin with this inscription:

ELIZABETH, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE LAST KING CHARLES, DIED 8th SEPTEMBER, 1650.

And placed in the church of St. Thomas, near the altar. The initials "E. S." (Elizabeth Stuart) marked the place, which for a long time was forgotten. Queen Victoria recently ordered the old church to be torn down, and Prince Albert laid the corner-stone of a new one in which the remains of the little princess were deposited and which a monument was set up to her memory. This monument represents her as she lay in the sleep of death, and was furnished by the queen herself.

The little Duke of Gloucester, after the death of his sister, refused all nourishment; and Cromwell, fearing he would die in prison, set him at liberty. He rejoined his mother in France, but everywhere the sad memories of his father and sister haunted him, and even the joys of the restoration did not soothe his grief. He became more and more mournful, and died at the age of twenty in the palace of Whitehall.—*St. Nicholas.*

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MAIN STREET,



# WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.  
WOODLAND, CAL., JULY 12, 1879

## The Old-Time Editor.

"Well, now," asked a reporter of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* of a veteran, "what do you think of the St. Louis editors of the present-day, as compared with those of twenty-five or thirty years ago?"

"Why, editing a daily paper now is so different from what it was a quarter of a century ago that it is difficult to draw a comparison. In former times the editor wrote a long 'leader' every day—some times five or six columns in length—and he clipped his news from his exchanges. Now the fashion is to write short and pithy paragraphs and squibs, and only a few of the exchanges are opened; the news from abroad comes by telegraph, while the city news is gathered by corps of cheeky reporters, who pry into everything; and write up items in the style of Victor Hugo or George Lippard—all sensation, froth, and far fetched fancies. Every thing goes into the papers now a-days; nothing is too sacred, nothing is so secret that the reporters do not find it out and spread the particulars before the public in the form of an 'interview' or something of the sort. A man cannot die in peace without having a reporter at his bedside listening to catch his last utterance. I once knew a reporter who slept every night in a graveyard in the expectation that some corpse would come to life, and that he might interview him and obtain the freshest news from the other world. His enterprise came near costing him his life, for he was found by the body-snatchers and carried in a bag to a dissecting room, where he awoke just as the students were about to rip him open as a subject."

"That's a lie. I don't believe a word of it."

"Well, one of the reporters told me the story as a fact. I guess it is as true as most of the reports you see in the papers."

**THE HELIOGRAPH.**—Devices for signaling, very similar to the heliograph or "sun writer," have been in use for ages. As far back as the Persian invasion of Greece, polished metal surfaces were used to flash the rays of the sun and give warnings of one kind or another. The signaling in this and other cases was however, imperfect, and could not be carried on over a space of more than 18 miles. But the instrument now in use, the Mance heliograph, is a great improvement, for it not only concentrates the sun's rays but it flashes them with the utmost precision to any required spot, irrespective of the relative location of the sun. It is also provided with a finger key, so that flashes may be made of long or short duration, thus permitting the employment of the Morse telegraphic alphabet. Under favorable conditions intercourse has been carried on through the medium of two of these instruments over a distance of nearly 100 miles, and at several points occupied by the English army in Afghanistan, regular communication is maintained at distances of not less than 50 miles by heliographic signals. The instrument weighs only seven pounds and can be carried and worked by one man. It is, of course, useless in cloudy weather. It has already been proposed to establish a systematic telegraphic communication between various islands in the West Indies by this process, and before long it will be adopted as a means of signaling between vessels when at sea.

And now comes General Stoneman, and with a few solid scientific facts, completely demolishes General Fremont's plan for converting the Colorado desert into an inland sea. It would take a river 1,000 feet wide and ten feet deep, running at the rate of five miles per hour, two hundred years to fill the basin, and after it was filled it would require a river 250 feet wide, ten feet deep, and running at the rate of five miles an hour to compensate for evaporation. Guess we won't tarry for that inland sea.—*Our Father.*

Knowledge is the right bower, and one of the showiest cards in the pack, yet in the game of life cheek is the little joker that is oftentimes the winner.

A lock of golden hair which once waved on the head of Wm. Penn's wife, is now in possession of a Maine lady.

## A Secret Worth Knowing.

A sort of trade secret among upholsterers, it is said, is this receipt for ridding furniture of moths: A set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvæ, from the month it came new, and from which hundreds of these pests had been picked, and brushed had been set into a room by itself. Three gallons of benzine were purchased at thirty cents a gallon, retail. Using a small watering pot with fine rose sprinkler, the whole upholstery was saturated through with benzine. Result—every moth and egg was killed. The benzine dried out in a few hours, and its entire odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slightest harm happened to the varnish or the wood, or fabrics or hair stuffing. That was months ago; and not the sign of a moth has since appeared. The carpets were also well sprinkled all around the sides of the room with equally good effect. For furs, flannels, indeed all woollen articles containing moths, benzine is most valuable. Put them in a box, sprinkle them with benzine, close the box tightly, and in a day or two the pests will be exterminated, and the benzine will all evaporate on opening. In using benzine great care should be taken that no fire is near by, as the stuff in fluid or vapor form is very inflammable.

## The Murphys and the Postmaster.

A little freckle face ten year old school girl stopped at the postoffice the other day and yelled out:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No sir."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No sir; not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, sir; there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:

"Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy?"

This is about a fair sample of the questions asked at the postoffice when school is out.—*Ex.*

**THE RUINS OF BABYLON.**—The traveler who is fortunate enough to see Babylon in April can not call it desolate. The date groves and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigation canals cross it here and there, and give trouble to the horseman. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the nitre which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow now in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten has disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries; but nature is as fresh and as jocund as when Babylon was still un-built. Birds sing overhead in the pleasant spring air; balmy odors regale the senses. It is difficult under the circumstances to feel as one perhaps ought to feel for the great capital which once cumbered the ground; for nature makes its grave beautiful.

The Galveston *Nexus* says: The last Presidential election having proved, what was never before suspected, that the counting of the votes may be of more consequence than the number of votes polled, it becomes Congress to make provision that the next choice of the people, unlike the last, shall reach the White House. The citizens stood the defeat of their choice once; they would scarcely do so a second time.

The Egyptian Post Office is under the management of an Englishman, who cleared a profit of £130,000 last year.

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